APOCALYPTIC HORSEPLAY

BY BOREDMAN

PESTY... DON'T DO THIS TO YOURSELF.
THIS WASN'T YOUR FAULT.
YES... YES IT WAS.
I LEFT HER

THE DAY WE SWORE OFF THE APOCALYPSE... I LEFT HER BEHIND.

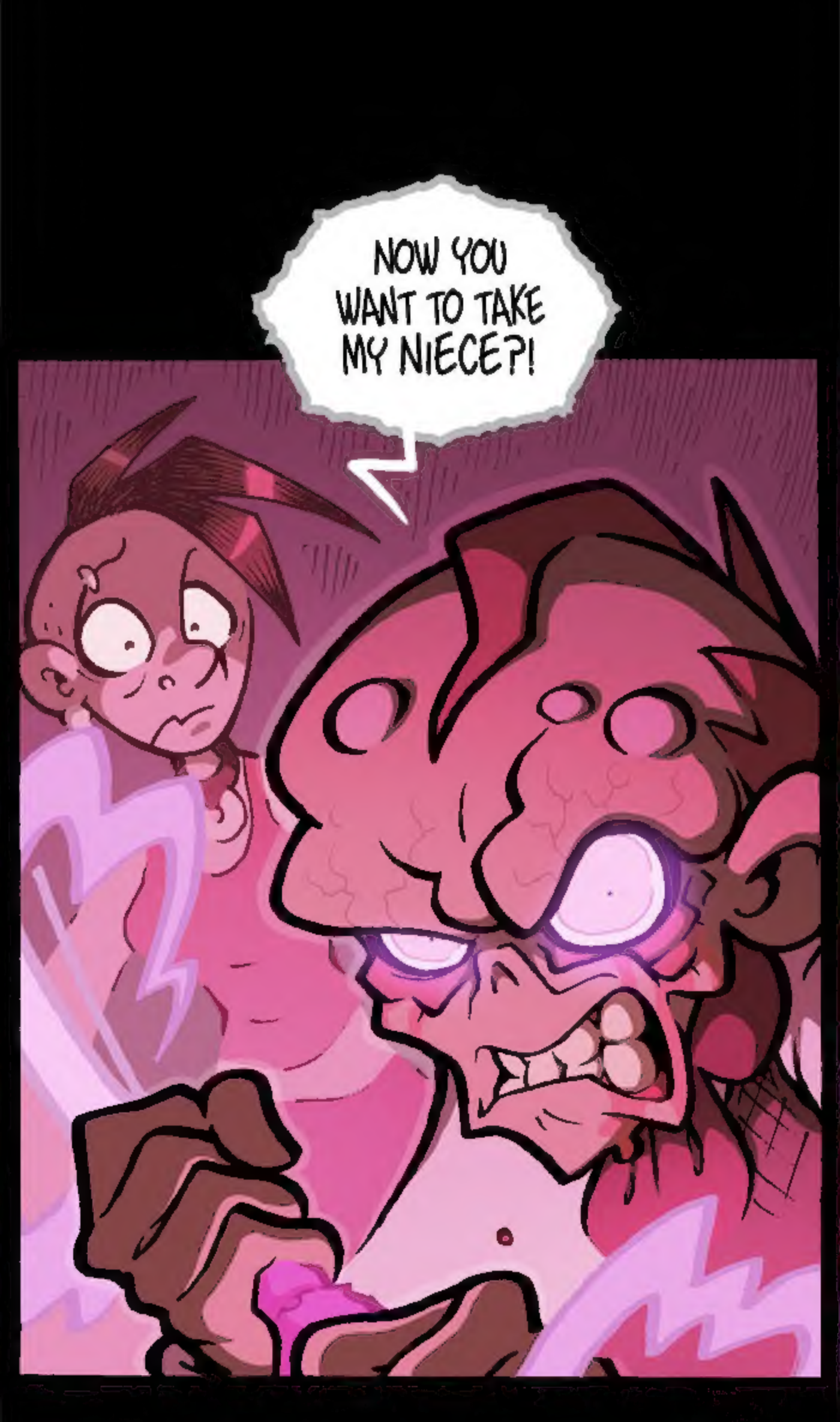
I DIDN'T WANT TO. BUT I DID.

SHE WAS A PART OF ME... I COULD NO LONGER BEAR.

ANOTHER CALAMITY REMOVED FROM THE EARTH. AMEN.
NOW LEAD ME TO YOUR FALSE PROPHET. OR I SHALL PLUCK YOU AS WELL!

SHHH
HHHHHH
?

YOU TOOK MY GERMS ...
YOU TOOK MY HORSE ...


NOW YOU WANT TO TAKE MY NIECE?!

SPEW ALL THE FOULNESS YOU LIKE, HORSEMAN.
I AM STILL BEYOND YOUR CORRUPTION. YOU CANNOT HARM ME.

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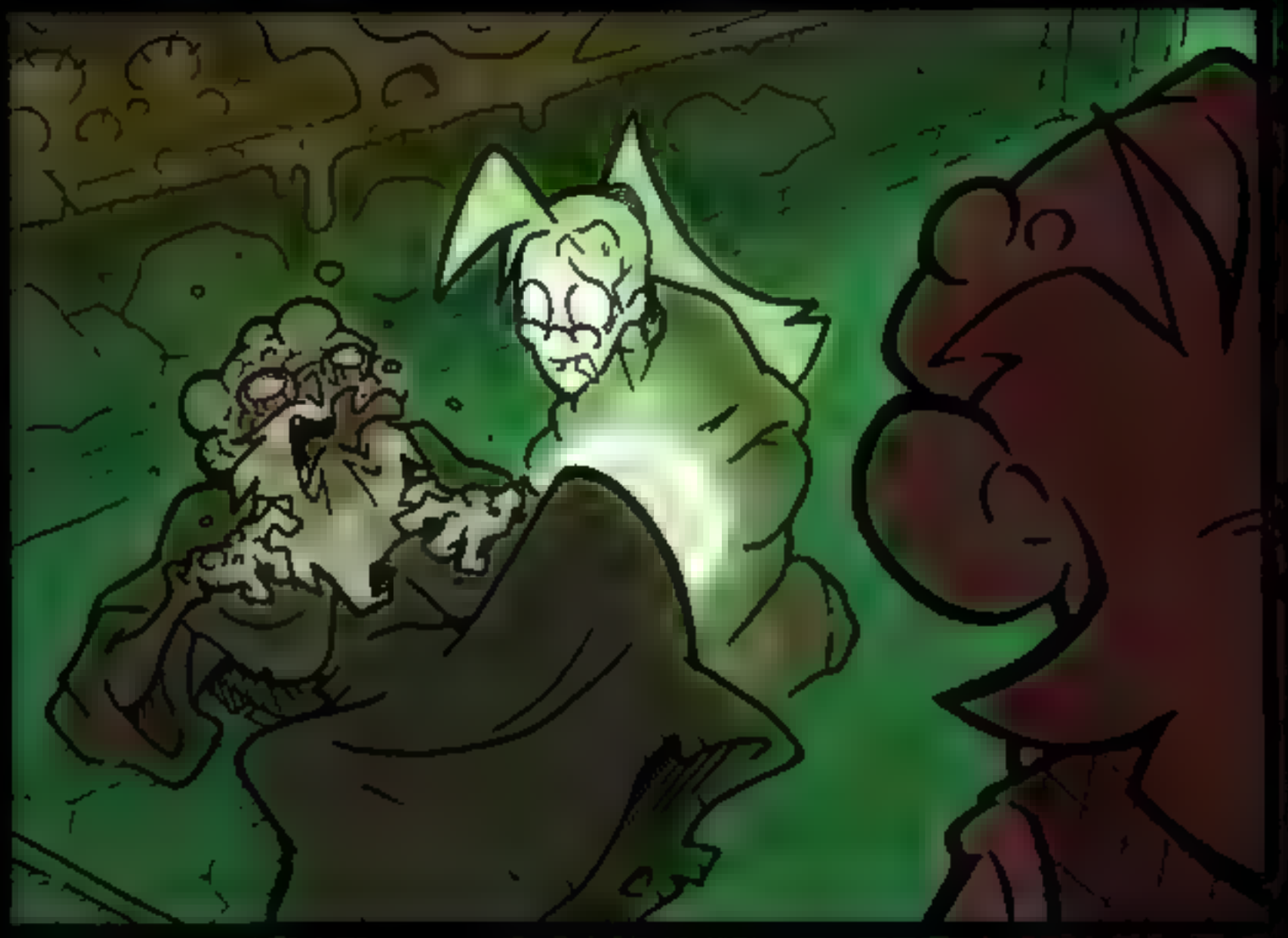
HOW ABOUT NOW?
NO! THE CRANIUM!
GIVE IT BACK, YOU WRETCHED
...

HHHH...
HHHHH ?!!

EEHHHHHH
GGHHHHHHH
...
AAARRRRH
...

SAINT SEBASTIAN
...
ODD SAINT TO RALLY BEHIND.



SERVED A MAN WHO PERSECUTED HIS RELIGION. GOT SHOT FULL OF ARROWS FOR HIS FAITH...

GETS SAVED BY IRENE OF ROME...
AND STILL HE RUSHES BACK TO HIS EMPEROR AND GETS BEATEN TO DEATH.

DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A MARTYR TO ME.
SOUNDS LIKE A SUICIDAL FOOL.

BABEHHH
...
D-DO SOME...
FREE ME, MASTER! I CANNOT FIGHT THEM LIKE THIS!

SNAP
GRGLLH... SAVE..
SAVE MHH...

WANT MORE?
TAKE YOUR PICK:
PATREON.COM/BOREDMAN
INSTAGRAM.COM/TBOREDMAN
FACEBOOK.COM/THEBOREDMAN
BOREDMAN.DEVIANTART.COM
TBOREDMAN.TUMBLR.COM